

ADDENDUM No. 2.

Three short years have now passed over
Since stoutish fellow's chaff, he wrote you
From his wigwam in Chebucto
Telling you of all the Quoit-ahs
Of the tribe of Stud-lee warriors
Of the fifty men of metal,
And the Hon-o-rary members,
And the non-coms, and the Service.
All who smoke Calumet peace-pipe,
All who pitch the rounded metals,
All who drink from bowl Onagon
Under pine trees, by the Tee-pee
On the green fields of old Stud-lee.

Some braves have gone, some braves have come,
(Some gone to happy hunting grounds) and
Sixty Quoit-ahs, forty non-coms,
With a sprinkling of the Service,
Now compose the tribe of Stud-lee
All good trusty men of valour.

As you ask me, Chieftain Jay-boss,
I will answer, I will tell you
Of the twenty new and brave men,
All who answer to the Roll call
Since year one eight ninety five, and
Who are now initiated
By the process you adopted,
Which is only known to Stud-leans.

Fighting braves new to the quoit game,
Are I tell you, men of metal,
Men who brave the wind and tempest
In the forest of old Stud-lee.

First--I'll tell you of a par-son
Named Ler-moi-nee, junior chaplain
To the tribe of Stud-lee Quoit-ahs.
Pitches well the osawabeeks.
Says good words to all the young men,
Says, to vote for pro-hi-bition,
Tells them to beware of Rump-unch
(Which is brewed by stoutish-fellow)
As it is in-sin-u-a-ting.

Mur-aye-jorge-aich, great big chieftain
Of the Cannucks in New Scotia,
Good speech-maker, bad quoit-pitcher,
Comes but seldom to the pow-wows.

Pic-foord-bob-ee in his knickers,
Cannot get the rings of metal
On the wood hubs in the Quoit beds.
Wick-wum's beer he says is fat-ning,
Prefers it to the good old Rump-unch.

Jorge-hens-lee, Bob-ee's fac-totum,
Brings great skippers to the Quoit ground,
Shows them view of Arm-nor-western,
Quod bene notandum, say they,
Then sip Rump-unch with young Hens-lee.

Jay-dub-ell-u-low-gan brave man,
Made a score at Aberdeen show,
Winning spoon from all the great men.
(Now he's Jekyl, then presto! Hyde)
And at competition Dal-glish,
Right on top, he comes victorious.
Dark man Jay-dub-ell-u-low-gan.

Ben-et-um, Jac-stror-nee, Jim-awl,
Three well up in splitting sodas
With the Red men on the Prairie.
Ben-et-um looks after black board,
Pitches hard, don't you forget it.

Stror-nee a left-handed johnny,
Turas up only once in blue moon.

Jim-awl is a grand old pitcher,
Weilds the Twin-discs in good old style,
Rings the wood hubs in the quoit beds.
After taking 'loch-an doris
Hies through forest to his wigwam.

Mac-in-noon-jay-aye-ad-vocate,
Handicapper, good quoit pitcher,
Looks well after Stud-lee forest,
Tells factotum Jolli-more, that
He must not deface the pine trees,
He must not pull down the dead limbs,
To feed camp fires of the warriors
In the forest of old Stud-lee.

Jay-aye-chis-um with the gig-lamps
Loved by all the Tribe of Stud-lee,
Is distinguished from Jon-kasum
(When he pitches at the wood pegs,
In the dusky light of evening)
By the gig-lamps on pro-bos-cis
Wigwam on the road called Carleton.

I will tell you now of San-dee,
Man with profile, great and mighty,
He who wields the cit-ee sceptre.
He who runs Chebucto cit-ee.
Sand-dee-stee-ven-um's the great man
At the pow-wows with the coun-cil,
At the pow-wows in his wigwam.
(Where Dalhousie once stood proudly
On Chebucto's champ-de-mars) he
Rules his myrmidons with great skill.
One stern look and silence reigns there,
In great wigwam on the hill side.
Chieftain San-dee, at the great game,
Is not yet a hitter, ringer
Of the lignum-vitae row pegs.
His opinion of the Rump-unch
Is that it is mighty good, sir,
Which opinion is worth something,
As he is chief cock-o-lo-rum.

Chaugh-lee-archee-bald, the banker,
Lately joined the Stud-lee Quoit-ahs,
Likes the game — says golf's not in it,
As Quoit-ah he's par excellence.

Aye-ee-har-ing-toon, chief scorer
At the great and glorious Quoit game,
Has now joined the tribe of Red men.
Takes men's lives with that two nibber
Which is mightier than the sword, sir.
Keeps away from bowl Onàgon.

Adam's ale and ginger pop—he
 Much prefers to good old Rump-unch.
 Torr-wrence-dub-ell-yew, the banker,
 Pitches well the osawabeeks.
 Chummy chappie knows good Rump-unch.
 Eff-dub-ell-yew-han-rite-law-yah,
 Always puts in two full games, to
 Hold on fast to Stud-lee play-list,
 Otherwise he'd be a non-com.
 Aye-aye-mic-mac-k-a-law-limb
 Gave big cup to tribe of Stud-lee,
 (Which they put in com-pe-tition),
 Called the Dag-lish-mac-k pitcher,
 Won by Jay-dub-ell-u-logan,
 As Hyde this time, and not Jekyl.

Now, Boss-wildum, I will tell you
 Of some saw-bones of this great tribe
 Who have joined since ninety-five year,
 Medicine men of great renown, sir.

First comes Gee-em-cam-bell-em-dee,
 Winner of the Aber-deen prize
 Last year in the month of August.
 Throws the Discs with great precision,
 Says Rump-unch is not at all bad.

Then there's saw-bones Ell-em-silveer,
 Captured "Cummings Cup" with great score
 From the old men, from the young men
 Of the tribe of Stud-lee warriors.

And the little medicine doctor,
 Jim-ee-ros-em-dee, the winner
 Of the Aber-deen prize this year.
 New man, lately joined the great tribe.

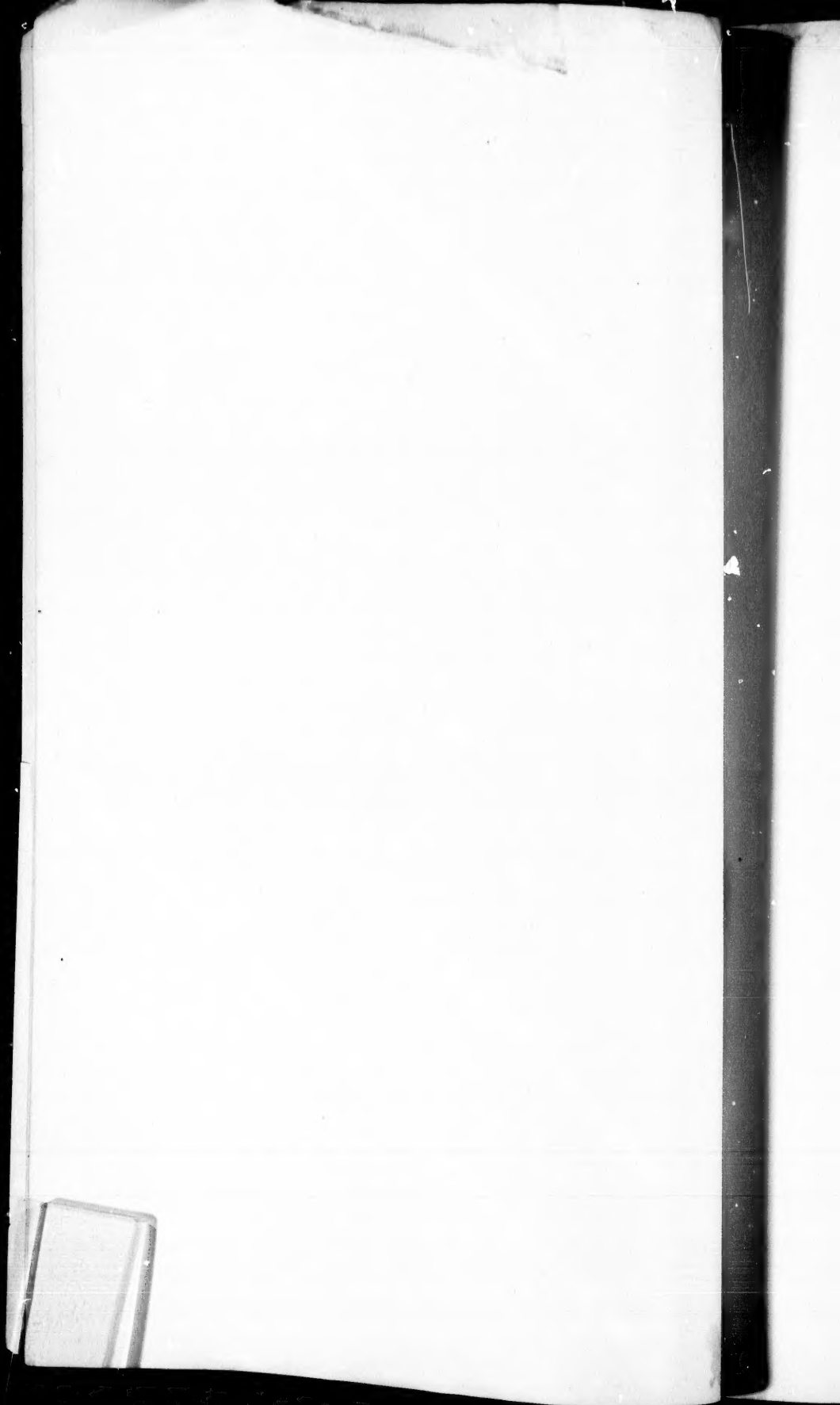
And young double-u-aich-at-tee,
 Late of Old Chebucto cit-ee,
 Wigwam now across the water,
 Medicine doctor to the poor ones
 At the far off Mount Hope wigwam.

Also, saw-bones See-dee-mur-aye,
 From the north-end of the cit-ee,
 Once was keen on winning wood-spoon,
 Now he's showing up to front rank,
 Tho' quoits slightly in suspenso.

The Service braves are men of muscle,
 Belonging to the tribe of Stud-lee,
 Pitching quoits with all the great men
 Sipping Rump-unch, splitting sodas

Kur-nel-koll-hard-dee-aye-aye-gee,
 Soldier of our good Queen mother,
 Looks well after Tommy-Atkins
 In the forts of this old station.
 Likes this station called Chebucto,
 Likes the tribe of Stud-lee warriors,
 Whom he rejoined, on returning
 From G. B., o'er pitchee-gumee,
 After a long absence from them,
 And was welcomed at the Quoit ground,
 Welcomed by the band of Red-men.
 Koll-hard pow-wows with the Tribesmen
 At the good old feast of Hodge-podge.

Dee-mac-phare-soon-grant-of Dockyard
 (Not R. N., but next thing to it),



Plays his Bag-pipes to the quoit-ahs,
At the old feast of the Hodge-podge.
Brings to pow-wows Wite and Brow-nee
Of the Belching war ship "Re-nown."
All see bottom of cup Commerell,
When emptied of its Laughing-water.
Great friend of old Bi-shop-Wil-son,
Late of Stud-lee; keen old quoit-ah.
Took with him receipt for Rump-unch,
(Four strong, eight weak, one sour, one sweet)
To a far off tropic Island.

Quoit-ahs hope to see the Bi-shop
Pitching S. Q. C. quoits, once more
On the green banks, at the wood pegs.
Doo-nald gives orgies at Dockyard
To the Quoit-ahs of the great tribe.
Very good indeed of Doo-nald,
(Is it not, I ask you, Jay-boss?)
Who knows their wants, pray don't forget it.
Adam's ale 's the tippie there, sir,
With a wee drap of Fire-water
To kill the an-i-mal-cu-le,
Which Adam's ale is subject to
In this good cit-ee of Chebucto.

See-gee-tay-loor-ar-en, does not
Often show up at the pow-wows.
But the braves do hope to meet him
Frequently at orgies, pow-wows,
With old Dee-mac-P. of Dockyard.

One more service man, please note it,
See-ee-smith of the Aye-ess-see.
Swagger man at handling golf sticks
On the Links near arm-nor-western.
Tells good stories in the sweet brogue
Of the Isle o'er gitchee-gumee,
O'er the bowl of Laughing-water.

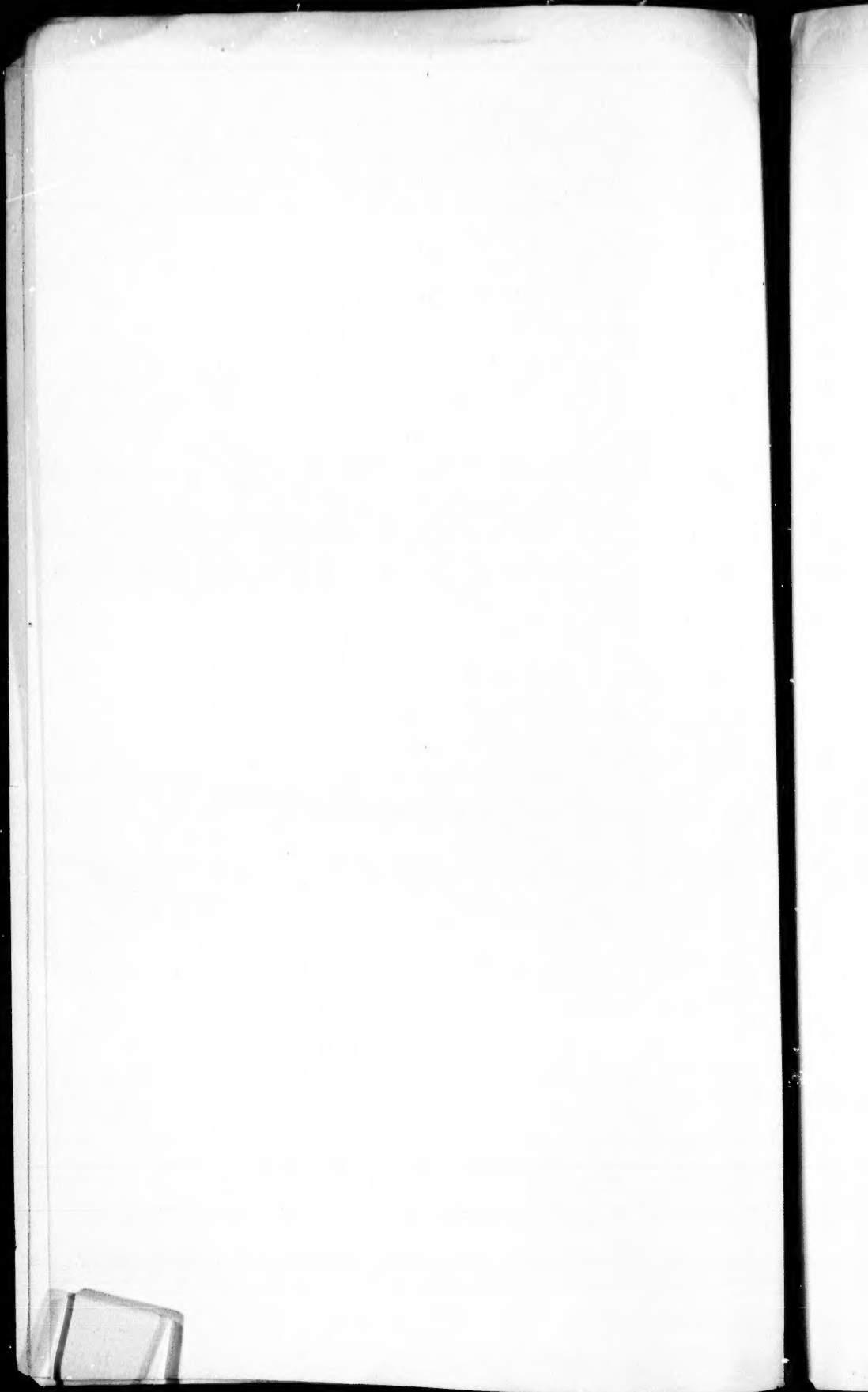
I will tell you of two great men
Of two Honorary members,
Who have this year joined the Quoit-ahs,

First is Sir-jon-fishur, chieftain
Of the Fleet of our Queen's war ships.
Fightin-jon, blue jackets call him;
Gives great orgies at his wigwam
In the north-end of the cit-ee.
Sir-jon great man in the na-vee.

Then the boss of Tommy Atkins,
Sirdar of the Mil-i-tary
In this country of the Cannucks,
Called by name Lord-will-ium-se-more.
Great chief joined the Stud-lee Quoit-ahs
On arrival in Chebucto.

Was initiated member,
By the process known to Stud-lees.
Quoit-ahs hope to see the Sirdar
And the Sea chief Sir-jon-fish-ur,
Often at the pow-wows, orgies,
On the grassy banks of Stud-lee.

Not forgetting Sea-chief-erskine,
Great man at the Stud-lee pow-wows.
Left for G. B. in the "Crescent,"
Great and mighty war ship "Crescent."
Sorrowful he left the warriors,



Of the great tribe of the Prairie,
 When he bid them all adieu, sir.
 When he and his Flag-lieutenant,
 (After the send-off braves gave him)
 Sailed away in dusk of evening
 (With the photo of the great tribe
 Which the braves presented to him)
 On their bikes from Stud-lee green lawn.
 On their bikes they left the warriors
 Cheering, cheering for the sea-chief
 And his spouse the Laḡ-ee-erskine,
 Echoed through primeval forest,
 As they rode on o'er the hill top,
 To their wigwam at the north-end
 Of this city of Chebucto.

I must now remind you, Jay-boss,
 Of one afternoon in August,
 In ninety-seven year, A.D.
 When the Sea-chief and his Laḡ-ee,
 And his Flag Li-onel-hal-see,
 Riding bikes, came o'er the hill-top,
 Entering Stud-lee grounds in grand scyle,
 Welcomed by you, chieftain Jay-boss,
 On behalf of Stud-lee warriors.

Laḡ-ee-erskine then presented
 (In a speech most charming, charming)
 To you, chieftain Jay-boss-wildum,
 On behalf of Stud-lee great men
 A memento of great value,
 A memento, called a ladle,
 Made of sterling British silver
 To dip Rump-unch from Onàgon
 Into Commerell silver goblet.
 Stud-lee welcomed Laḡ-ee-erskine,
 As the wife of good Sir-james, the
 Sea-chief on this naval station.
 The only la-dee welcomed ver,
 The only la-dee they allowed to
 Pass the line de-mar-ka-shun,
 Entering Stud-lee sacred precincts.

If still further you should ask me,
 Of new non-coms of the quoit tribe,
 (Some call non-coms dring-king-mem-bers,
 Which is a misnomer, Jay-boss,
 A misnomer, ab-so-lute-ly.)
 I will answer, I will tell you
 In Queen's English plain and simple,
 I will answer your enquiries.

They are, Sir-see-hib-ert-tup-er,
 Wigwam way off in Vancouver.
 Sedge-week great judge of Supreme-court,
 Judge of most good things in this world.
 Ottawa is where he holds forth.
 Tells good stories to the warriors
 Of the great tribe, of the Prairie.
 Scotch he much prefers to Rump-unch,
 Because 'tis not in-sin-uating.
 Dar-vid-mic-mac-keen with title,
 Tee-ee-Ken-nee, our late Em-Pee,
 Mor-ough-mat and Will-ium-tur-nur,
 Ae-lum-gee-em and Aye-jay-wite,
 Mill-ur-cee-ess, and Gee-aye-pyque,

Foster jay-gee-yew-ess Consul,
E-mac-aye of great Dalhousie,
Tee-ar-gu the Dyna-mite chief
Tom-soon-gee-aye (Bank Chebucto)
Price-aye-aich of Eye-see-are.
And young Eff-jay-mic-mac-donald
Of the great bank of Mount Royal.

All are new men of Tribe Stud-lee,
All are non-coms and not Quoit-ahs,
All like Rump-unch and split Sodas,
And the cheese call Gorgon-zola.
Holding pow-wows with the warriors,
At the great feast of the Hodge-Podge,
And at function called O. S. F.

If you should ask me, Jay-boss, saying,
Tell me more of all the Tribesmen?

I will answer, I will tell you,
Straightway in such words as follows:
That the stock of chaff and nonsense,
From Stoutish-fellow to old chieftain,
Has entirely given out, sir.
Therefore, now adieu, I bid you,
Wishing all the jolly Quoit-ahs,
Christmas and the New Year happy,
With the Yule log briskly burning,
Is the wish of Stoutish-fellow.

HALIFAX, N. S., November 1st, 1898.